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EDWARDS AMASA PARK, D.D., LL.D.

Memorial Address

BY

RICHARD SALTER STORRS, D.D., LL.D.

(Park)
AN



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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The funeral of Professor Park was held on the afternoon of June 8, 1900, his death having occurred four days before at the advanced age of ninety-one. At the old brick house on the hill, where he had lived for sixty-four years, were gathered his relatives and friends for the simple service. Rev. Joshua W. Wellman, D.D., of Malden, read several of Professor Park's favorite selections from Jonathan Edwards' "Charity and its Fruits," and offered prayer.

The procession then formed and walked to the Seminary Chapel, with the students of the Theological Seminary and a delegation of the students of Phillips Academy as a guard of honor at its head, and the Professors of the Seminary, together with Rev. W. L. Ropes, Professor W. B. Graves, President L. Clark Seelye, W. F. Draper, and Rev. C. C. Carpenter, as honorary bearers.

At the Chapel Dr. Wellman began the services by the reading of passages of Scripture, after which Professor Park's favorite hymn "When I survey the wondrous cross" was sung most impressively by the congregation. Rev. Albert H. Plumb, D.D., of Roxbury, read the memorial address, which had been prepared ten years before by Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D.D., LL.D. It acquired an added pathos from the fact that its author lay dead in his own church in Brooklyn, and "being dead, yet spoke as only he could, in honor of the Andover theologian who had gone on but a day before him into the world of light and love." After the hymn "Our God, our

help in ages past" had been sung, a most touching prayer was offered by Rev. John M. Greene, D.D., of Lowell. The friends then passed to the cemetery, which time had made the place of Professor Park's tenderest associations. The commitment service was read by his only son, Rev. William E. Park, D.D., of Gloversville. And there he was laid to rest — the last of his associates and generation — near his dearest friends, Professor B. B. Edwards and Dr. Samuel H. Taylor; and among that illustrious group of predecessors and colleagues; Stuart and Woods; Stowe and Barrows; Phelps and Taylor; Gulliver and Churchill.

EXTRACTS FROM JONATHAN EDWARDS.

Some of Professor Park's favorite selections from "Charity and its Fruits; or, Christian Love, as Manifested in the Heart and Life." Read at his Funeral.

"Oh! what rest is there in that world which the God of peace and love fills with his own gracious presence, and in which the Lamb of God lives and reigns, filling it with the brightest and sweetest beams of his love . . . where the saints shall find and enjoy all that they love, and so be perfectly satisfied. . . .

"Oh! what tranquillity will there be in such a world as this! And who can express the fullness and blessedness of this peace! What a calm is this! How sweet and holy and joyous! What a haven of rest to enter after having passed through the storms and tempests of this world! . . . Here is joy unspeakable indeed, and full of glory—joy that is humble, holy, enrapturing, and divine in its perfection! . . . All shall stand about the God of glory, who is the great fountain of love, opening, as it were, their very souls to be filled with those effusions of love that are poured forth from his fullness, just as the flowers on the earth, in the bright and joyous days of spring, open their bosoms to the sun to be filled with his light and warmth, and to flourish in beauty and fragrantcy under his cheering rays.

"Every saint in heaven is as a flower in that garden of God, and holy love is the fragrance and sweet odor that they all send forth, and with which they fill the bowers of that

paradise above. Every soul, there, is as a note in some concert of music, that sweetly harmonizes with every other note, and altogether blend in the most rapturous strains in praising God and the Lamb forever. And so all help each other to their utmost, to express the love of the whole society to its glorious father and head, and to pour back love into the great fountain of love whence they are supplied and filled with love and blessedness and glory. . . . And thus in the full sunlight of the throne, enraptured with joys that are forever increasing and yet forever full, they shall live and reign with God and Christ forever and ever!" —pp. 502, 503, 504, 505, 506.

Exercises at the Seminary Chapel.

READING OF SCRIPTURE.

REV. JOSHUA W. WELLMAN, D.D.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame ; he remembereth that we are dust. The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children ; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. He will swallow up death in victory, and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.

Therefore we are always confident, knowing that whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord ; — We are confident I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body and present with the Lord.

The Lord knoweth the days of the upright : and their inheritance shall be forever. The righteous hath hope in his death.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore I will deliver him. I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him. I will be with him in trouble. I will deliver him and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my

salvation. Thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace; thou shalt be buried in a good old age.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up. For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee; he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.

My flesh and my heart faileth, but thou art the strength of my heart and my portion forever. We took sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company. Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me, for my soul trusteth in thee.

God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and a sound mind: who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began; but is now made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light, through the gospel: whereunto I am appointed a preacher, and an apostle, and a teacher of the Gentiles.

I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day. For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

If a man die, shall he live again?

Jesus saith unto her: I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he

live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this ?

Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions ; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.

And I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father which gave them me is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand.

Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me, where I am, that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me, for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world.

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead ? God hath both raised up the Lord, and will also raise up us by his own power. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple ; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

And they shall see his face ; and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there ; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever.

And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors ; and their works do follow them.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS.

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Amen.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS
OF
RICHARD SALTER STORRS, D.D., LL.D.

READ BY
REV. ALBERT H. PLUMB, D.D.

We are gathered, my friends, beside a coffin hardly closed, before a grave which has not yet received its treasure. I have, therefore, at this hour, no word of controversy to recall, though in nearly all the controversies in which the friend and father who has left us has borne his part, my sympathies have been energetically with him. But all such themes I remit, with intention, to other occasions, only here expressing my joyful conviction that whenever the fit time shall have come for a searching examination of what he has done in the many battles through which he has passed, on behalf of what he has deemed to be truth, it will be conceded, with general consent, that he was loyal to the light as he discerned it, to the churches whose interests were in large measure confided to his care, to the Master above, whose Gospel he would guard, and whose glory in the world has been to him dearer than life.

But my purpose at this time is simply to recall him to our thoughts, as some of us have known him these many years; to gather what we may of animating lessons from his genius, his character, and his signal career; to thank God for what he has done to instruct, inspire, and uplift those who have been charged with the ministry of the truth; and to give praise for the higher revelations which now we cannot doubt

have come to his enfranchised mind. May God guide us by His Spirit, that all which we say, and all which we think, may be for His honor!

Early in the sixteenth century, about the year 1525, was born in England one who received, from inheritance and by baptism, the name Edward Parke, who afterward became a London merchant, and whose son Henry followed him later in that vocation. The son of Henry, and the grandson of Edward, named Richard Park, who was born in or about the year 1595, came to this country soon after the first Massachusetts colony had reached our shores, and settled at New-towne, the name of which was presently changed to Cambridge; subsequently removing, in 1647, to that part of the township which had retained the old name, and which has since been known as Newton. His house is reported to have stood, till the beginning of this century, within a few feet of the present site of the Eliot Church, in that delightful New England village. Another descendant of Henry the merchant, named William Park, came to this country a few years later, and settled at Roxbury, where he was for many years a member of the church, and an officer in it; and a daughter of his, named Theoda Park, married Samuel Williams, also of Roxbury, and became the mother of the Rev. John Williams, of Deerfield, who was educated at Harvard College by his grandfather, William Park—a fact which gave occasion to the friend who has left us, more than once, playfully to say that the Williams family, now so widely distributed in the country, and so justly distinguished, had never amounted to much until one of its members had intermarried with the Parks. It was the daughter-in-law of Theoda Park, Eunice Mather, of Northampton, who, on the way to Canada, after the destruction of Deerfield by the French and Indians, fell exhausted in a stream which she was crossing, and was killed

with the tomahawk; one of the early New England tragedies the memory of which has never grown dim.

At the same time that the Parkes, father, son, and grandson, were living in London, another family, named Ware, was living at Wrentham, England, a manor, and later a village, in Suffolk County, near the shore of the German Ocean, where still stands an ancient church with a lofty beacon tower. The ancestors of this family have been traced backward through several generations; and a representative of it, Robert Ware, migrated to this country and settled at Wrentham, in this State, in the year 1640. The farm which he there acquired and subdued remained in possession of his family for two hundred years. From these two households, on the father's side and the mother's, the friend who has left us was descended.

The period which had preceded their leaving England, back to the birthtime of Edward Parke, had been one, as we know, of vast controversy, tumultuous movement, permanent change, in the moral and political life of the Kingdom. That period went back to the early reign of Henry the Eighth, almost to the Field of the Cloth of Gold; to the outbreak of the Reformation, in Germany and in England; to the discoveries of Copernicus; beyond the foundation of the Jesuit Order; beyond the execution of Sir Thomas More. It came on through the reign of Edward the Sixth, through the bigoted and bloody interval of the reign of Mary, to and beyond the close of the magnificent reign of Elizabeth. When Richard Park and Robert Ware came to this country, James the First had gone, regretted by few, to his own place; Charles the First was on the throne, and Strafford and Laud were his trusted counselors. But the movements working toward freedom in the state, and an enlarged liberty in the Church, were already becoming irresistible; the Long Par-

liament was in the near future, as were the Civil War, the beheading of Strafford and Laud, and of Charles himself, the establishment of the Commonwealth, the supremacy of Cromwell. Another century and a quarter so full of vehement contest, aggressive advance, prophetic change, is hardly recorded in the annals of history. The impression of it will be never outgrown. The swirl of its influence is around us to-day.

During all those times of trouble, fear, and anxious hope, of disappearing darkness, increasing intelligence, and stubborn battle, the Parkes and the Wares had been steadily on the popular side; resistant toward the forces projected upon them out of the past, hospitable to the new thoughts and promises presented by the present, looking eagerly toward the better time coming, in the Old World, probably, but certainly in the New. They were confirmed and unwavering Puritans — of the class which carried their native kingdom through that tremendous crisis in its affairs; of the class distinguished representatives of which here planted the colonies which were to become the strong foundations of illustrious commonwealths. It was Puritan blood, on both sides of his descent, which ran in the veins of our friend now gone. *If* there is special depravity in that blood, it was in him, beyond all question; a native depravity, even reaching to the height and deepening to the darkness of an absolute original sin. He *loved* the faith and *honored* the temper, with the forms of worship and of organization, which had been accepted by his fathers; and he was not, sometimes, more tolerant than they had been of what differed from these. He did not mean to be recreant to the past, in whatever he might do to enlighten and mold the future.

The immediate ancestor of our friend was Dr. Calvin Park, son of Nathan Park, of Northbridge, in this State.

He was born in that town in September, 1774, but soon afterward moved with his parents to Newton. He was fitted for college, however, under the instruction of Dr. Crane, of Northbridge, entered Brown University at the age of nineteen, and was graduated with honor in 1797. For two or three years he taught a select school at Worcester, having for pupils, among others, Levi Lincoln, afterward Governor of the State; with his brother, afterward Governor of Maine; together with the late Rev. George Allan, and his brother, Judge Allan. At the same time he was pursuing theological studies under Dr. Samuel Austin, of Worcester, and later under Dr. Emmons, of Franklin. In 1800 he was appointed tutor at Brown University; in 1804, Professor of Languages there; and from that Chair he was transferred in 1811 to the professorship of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics, which he held till 1825. During all his connection with the university, he had been in the habit of preaching on Sundays, as he had opportunity; and in 1826, having resigned his professorship, he became pastor of the church at Stoughton, in which office he remained till his resignation of it in 1840. He died in 1847, at the age of seventy-three. His wife had been Abigail Ware, of Wrentham; a descendant, on the mother's side, of Rev. Samuel Man, first pastor of the church there, and so a kinswoman of Hon. Horace Mann, formerly famous and influential in this State. They were married in 1805, and she died eleven years before her husband, in 1836. Of these parents our friend was born.

I remember his father well: a man of dignified presence and amiable face, of manners kindly and attractive, though habitually reserved; whose somewhat slight treble voice was in singular contrast with the general impressive amplitude of his person, and who suggested to me, even as a child, a peculiar self-restraint, rising almost to shyness, in his tone of

conversation. Those competent to judge honored him, I know, as an excellent scholar, a clear, careful, deliberate thinker, an admirable counselor. I remember only that his manner in prayer was reverent and impressive, and that his sermons, while dealing largely with theological tenets in which as a child I failed to feel interest, were uniformly closed with practical appeals, remarkably tender, earnest, influential. Undoubtedly he was a man of excellent powers, of excellent taste, and, for his time, of unusual cultivation. But I do not believe that the peculiar and shining forces which came to noble exhibition in the son were principally derived from the father. The genesis of them must, I suspect, be traced more largely to the mother; yet hers is one of those domestic, silent, vanishing figures of which there have been and are so many, whose quiet power and subtle energy are shown in their effects, but whose only record is on high. All that I particularly know of her is that she was tall in person, gentle and dignified in manner, was not fond of theological debate, as almost every one in her circle was; was a lover of poetry, especially of hymns, and was an earnest Christian woman, whose practical advice was sought and valued, even by a man so strong, enthusiastic, and self-determined as Dr. Adoniram Judson. Of these parents the friend beside whose grave we are gathered was born, at Providence, almost at the end of the year 1808, on December 29th.

He was born, of course, into scholarly surroundings, and into as intense a theological atmosphere as probably ever was encountered in the world; where the subjects of God's sovereignty, of His decrees, and of the way of harmonizing with these the obligation of man, were the supreme, almost the sole, topics of reflection and talk. I know the atmosphere, not from description, but from experience; for, more

or less, at a later time, I lived in it myself, though already, in my boyhood, it was being so stirred by reform activities, by great missionary plans for preaching the Gospel at home and abroad, and by the profounder controversy emerging concerning the person and work of Christ, that it was not so vigorous, enwrapping, oppressive, as it had been earlier. But even then there was little that was lucent or prismatic in the keen air of the prevailing theological thought. Redemption was hardly on a level with Law, in man's interpretation of the Biblical scheme. God was dwelt upon, in His eternal majesty, holiness, authority, more distinctly than Christ, in His equal holiness and equal authority, but also in the tenderness of His sympathy, the mystery of His self-sacrifice, the exquisite charm and loveliness of His life, the living magic which inheres in His words, the glorious triumph of His resurrection, with the consummating mission of the Comforter promised and fulfilled through Him. Certainly the Decalogue appeared more impressive to our young minds than did the Beatitudes. Old Testament prophets threw a shadow over us, which the Sermon on the Mount did not wholly illuminate. The seventh chapter of the epistle to the Romans was more dwelt upon than the eighth; and Paul's great epistles oftener furnished the themes of discourse than did the evangelical narratives, with all their gentle vividness of detail, their profound annunciations, their immortal pathos. There was, of course, no observance of any anniversaries, crowned and glowing in the recalling of Christian facts. Even the Lord's Supper appeared to a child, sitting outside the circle of communicants, rather indicative of Judgment to come, with the terrible separations there to be expected, than representative of heavenly gates opened to men by the Divine Sacrifice. Religion was rightly esteemed a yoke, but by no means a yoke made light and

lifting through the faith which took it up. Theological propositions resounded from the pulpit, and filled the churches with their prolonged echoes. Children were expected to read diligently, if they could not understand, "Edwards on the Affections" and Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion"; and their young minds were perplexed with the mysteries, which the older could not solve, of how they could be appropriately *required* to do things which it might not be in God's *purpose* that they *should do*; how, with sin like a virus in the soul, vitiating its life, they could properly be summoned to make holy choices and to exercise and cherish devout affections.

I have no word of censure to pass on that departed religious development. It came in its time, and had then right as well as power. If it caused some to retreat from a contest which they could not sustain, between dialectics which *seemed* unanswerable, and a conscience which *was* so, to repress religious aspiration and take refuge in indifference, or here and there in distinct unbelief,—if, in a measure, it gave occasion, as I think it did, to the movement first aiming at more conspicuously spiritual views, and afterward evolved into definite Unitarianism,—it is still to be said of it, that it magnified God, before the thoughts of those whom it taught, almost as He had been declared before Israel in the stupendous phenomena of Sinai; that it exalted the Divine Righteousness as the law of the universe, till all the worlds appeared infolded in its glory; that it brought Eternity near to time, and threw over life a majesty as well as a threatening shadow from the Great White Throne; that it humbled man into the dust, under the sense of evil and of peril wrought within him by its admonitions; and that out of it came the mighty efforts to make the Bible universal in the land, to train men for the ministry, to build colleges and this Semi-

nary, to evangelize the country and evangelize the world. We may never speak without reverent respect of the religious life in New England in the first quarter or third of this century. Whatever is best in our present thought, or spirit, or purpose, has been derived from it; and when we hear the easy chatter with which men now speak of the most august themes, or read the titles of popular sermons of twenty minutes each, and note the frivolous, superficial recognition of Christian anniversaries, and mourn the want of seriousness in life, of searching thought, and of profound and abiding consecration, we are sometimes *tempted*, in spite of the Scriptural suggestion to the contrary, to say that the former times were better than these.

But my object now is neither to criticise nor to commend, but simply to *indicate*, with an unbiased mind and, if I may, with an accurate touch, the phase of religious thought and exercise into the midst of which *he* was born whose departure from the earth has called us together. The atmosphere of his Puritanical home was, as I have said, a theological atmosphere; and the earliest objects of thought presented to him, outside the physical surroundings of his life, must have been those concerning the mysteries which neither man nor angel has solved. As a discipline of *faith*, these are infinitely useful. As a discipline of the *social* and *intellectual* nature, they are *strong* and *energetic*, but may *not* be altogether delightful.

The effect of his surroundings on the growing boy seems to have been what might have been expected. He was not physically robust, though of fair health, hardly giving promise of a life extending to the nineties. Yet he was a cheerful boy, fond of the sports and games of boyhood, a leader in them — fond, even, I imagine, of playful mischief. At least he has left it on record that one of the severest rebukes

which he ever received was from an early teacher, who said to him : " You don't do as much mischief, Edwards, as the other boys, but you seem to enjoy their mischief more than they do." Yet with all his cheerfulness was mingled a frequent and startling gloom, due partly, no doubt, to his physical conditions, but largely, I suspect, to his particular religious training. He has said himself that he felt always gloomy in view of religion — in his childhood, that is. " He very seldom attended to a sermon when he did not weep ; and in order to avoid weeping he was accustomed to turn his attention from the sermon to some foreign topic, if he could. . . . The melancholy was caused," he added, " by the vague sense of sin and the consciousness of being unprepared for eternity." Funerals, especially, affected him painfully, though he seems to have felt a strange impulse to attend them. There was, too, very little in his life of that which gives relief, vivacity, incentive, to the life of childhood in present homes of comfort and culture. No novels, of course ; very likely he was all the better for that and none the less happy ; no rich magazines, no illustrated books of adventure and travel ; no picnics, concerts, or gymnastic exhibitions ; no social assemblies, no holiday excursions. It was rather, I fancy, a dull, disciplinary, monotonous life, even in so well ordered a home as was that of his parents and in so pleasant a town as Providence had already become.

He was in school from almost his earliest years ; could not remember the time when he had *not* been there ; and to the end of his days he thought it a calamity that he had been sent to school so early and had continued in it so long — feeling that he should have been benefited for life if he had had some years on a farm. But the future Judge and Governor, J. H. Clifford, of this State, and Francis Vinton, afterward of Trinity Church, New York, were among his school-

mates, and no doubt the element of play was not wholly wanting. One of his schoolhouses was near the jail in the courtyard of which, under the laws of those days, prisoners were sometimes flogged with the cat-o'-nine-tails on the bare back. Those familiar with the forms of expression not infrequent with our friend in his after life may perhaps find a certain prophetic intimation of them in his complaint to his teacher that these painful scenes prevented his reading, with due enjoyment, a book then much in vogue in schools, entitled "Elegant Extracts." In such a drolly sarcastic understatement, the boy was certainly father of the man. He read books of history, like Robertson's "History of America"; and books of doctrinal or practical theology, as Hopkins' "Life of Edwards," the "Life of David Brainerd," with others of the sort; and he had, even in youth, a special taste for Dr. Emmons' Sermons — partly, perhaps, in consequence of the fact that he had been introduced to that impressive divine when himself but ten years old. At just the same time with this — that is, early in 1819 — he began the study of Latin, and afterward of Greek, both of which he greatly enjoyed. Being well prepared for college, he entered Brown University in 1822, when not yet fourteen years old, and there pursued his studies till graduation. His class was an interesting one, including, among others, those afterward known as Judge Ezra Wilkinson, Dr. Barnas Sears, Hon. Lafayette S. Foster, Senator from Connecticut, and Bishop Burgess, of the Episcopal Diocese of Maine, with all of whom our friend maintained through life a happy friendship. The studies in which he was most interested appear to have been logic, — Dugald Stewart's "Mental Philosophy," Campbell's "Rhetoric," and Lord Kaimes' "Elements of Criticism." In his earlier college years he was extremely bashful, trembling like a leaf when called on to recite or to

speaking; but afterward he became interested in the work of preparing the occasional essays required of him, and also in the exercises of the debating societies, one literary and one theological, to which he belonged; while he always greatly enjoyed hearing the eloquent preachers, Baptist, Methodist, Congregational, who visited Providence, as well as listening in court to the pleas of Tristram Burgess and the decisions of Judge Story. He heard the first plea made in Providence by Daniel Webster, and distinctly remembered it seventy years after. When he graduated in 1826 the valedictory oration was assigned to him, but he declined to speak, and the appointment was transferred to his classmate and friend, afterward Bishop Burgess.

Even while in college he had taught school repeatedly, beginning before he was sixteen years old, and having in one of his schools, at Raynham, ninety scholars; in another, at Sharon, eighty or more. Many of these were, of course, older than himself, and physically well able to have put their frail and delicate teacher out of the window, or to have thrust him from the door; but his moral mastery of them was early established, and he never found trouble in instruction or in discipline. After his graduation he taught a select school at Weymouth Landing for six months, with great enthusiasm; and there it was that his purpose was formed of entering the ministry. He had always had great reverence for ministers, especially for Dr. Emmons, whom, as I have said, he had seen as a boy, and for President Edwards, for whom he had been named. He mentioned, long afterward, having once been alone in a church on an errand from his father, when he tremblingly climbed the pulpit stairs and entered the pulpit, being almost terrified, as he stood there by the dignity and sanctity of the place; and what a relief it had been to his overstrained nerves to discover on a corner

of the floor a quid of tobacco! "That," he said, "was the first intimation that I ever had had that a minister was not perfectly holy." He had long been interested in religious work of a general sort, and in particular theological discussions; and at Weymouth he gave his most serious attention to the question of his future vocation in life. It was a most characteristic process through which he reached his final conclusion.

When his classmate and friend, George Burgess, had been in college, *he* had been strongly inclined to the Unitarian opinions. He had also had a marked and sensitive poetical temperament. Professor Park always remembered that after a prolonged discussion on the subject of the Trinity, in which Burgess had failed to accept any argument on behalf of the doctrine, and had replied to each with all the force at his command, he had turned, just as he was leaving the room, and said, "There is one thing to be said in favor of the doctrine; it *is* poetical!" Undoubtedly his classmate afterward thought, and there is in it no inherent impossibility that the appeal of that stupendous mystery to the devout and sensitive imagination, as well as to the earnest, out-reaching heart, had had more to do with the final acceptance of it by his friend than all the logic which he himself had been able to use or than the careful array of texts with which he had sought to arm his logic. Anything more completely different from this than the process through which his *own* mind passed in deciding to become a minister of the gospel it would be difficult to conceive. He did not feel sure that he could account himself a Christian disciple; and, as matter of fact, he did not apply for communion in the church till nearly three years later, in March, 1829. He could not remember the time when he had not been interested in the subject of religion and in the progress of evangelical views, especially

in Foreign Missionary work, as then prospering, for example, upon the Sandwich Islands. He could hardly remember the time, since his early college days, when it had not been to him a gladness to defend and maintain orthodox doctrines and to magnify the importance and the Scriptural authority of revivals of religion. One great difficulty which he felt in at length confessing himself a Christian, arose from the fact that no sharp point of crisis had appeared in his feeling or thought. He was interested in the truth, but he always had been. He was interested in evangelizing work, and especially in revivals, but he always had been. He did not find a sudden "new song" put into his lips. He was not conscious of having passed out of previous darkness into any marvelous light. To the question of a friend, how he looked upon his own character, his answer was characteristic : that it seemed to him like a cellar which had never been cleaned out, and was full of all sorts of rubbish ; indeed, was so crowded with this rubbish that when part of it was removed more was always found beneath, so that to try to improve the cellar was very discouraging. But he had no blinding, overwhelming sense of sin, beating him to the earth till a voice said, "Arise, and stand upon thy feet, for I have made thee a minister and a witness of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee." His spiritual life had certainly not come to crowning exhibition with the sudden splendor of the night-blooming cereus, or of the Indian talipot-palm. He had looked for something which had not appeared. For a time it seemed as if his early inclination to the legal profession might return with controlling power in the absence of such surprising, as Dr. Bushnell used to say, "ictic" impressions ; and his mind remained somber in the want of such vivid experience.

But the train of thought which led him to the purpose that was afterward to govern and dignify his life was thus expressed by him, many years later: "I am not fit to be a minister; but, on the same principle, I am not fit to be a lawyer; and, on the same, I am not fit to be a physician." So he went through the avocations of life, and found himself shut up to the proclamation of the Faith. He did not feel more interest in the Church, in its ministers, in religious reading or religious work, than he seemed to himself always to have felt. It had been sincere and earnest before: it was not now more sensibly acute. But, as he said himself, "If I could not preach honestly, I could not do anything honestly. If I *could* do *anything* honestly, I could preach honestly." So he went to work to put himself through an examination on doctrines, which he never surpassed in the examinations through which his pupils were afterward conducted. His question was, whether he *loved* the doctrines of the Bible, especially those which are commonly disliked and opposed by men, concerning God's character and sovereignty, His decrees of election, His attitude toward sin. After putting himself to the severest tests of which he could think, he came to the steady and strong conviction that he *did* not only believe these doctrines, but love them, even those which are accounted the severest of all. Then the way seemed open to him to preach what he believed and honored. He began to offer public prayer in his school, as he had not done before, and to take part in family devotions in the house where he lodged. He began to converse with his pupils on the subject of personal religion, and to feel a fresh animation of spirit in connection with the revivals around him, and with his own efforts to lead men to personal submission to God. It was not a sudden reversing of the helm, but the flexion of it by an unseen hand in a different direction; a gradual dawn, which showed the clear day not far off.

After his school at Weymouth had closed, he spent a year at his father's house, studying theology, and being specially interested in Dr. Samuel Clarke's asserted demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God. He studied also, with interest and care, the Unitarian controversy, then in wide and vigorous progress; and he wrote his first theological article on this controversy for the "Spirit of the Pilgrims" — an article which was the first fruits of what afterward showed itself a plentiful harvest. In 1828 he entered this Seminary, though at the time in health so feeble that his friends thought him hardly likely to live more than two months, at most, in this place which has known him for seventy-two years.

His class here was a large and distinguished one: the largest, save one, in the history of the Seminary: including, among others, Dr. Thomas Brainerd, Dr. Joseph S. Clark, Professor Hovey, Professor J. J. Owen, Dr. N. S. Folsom, Presidents Benjamin Labaree and William A. Stearns, all of whom have preceded him, with all the rest of his classmates, to the land of spirits. At the same time, during his course, there were many in other classes whom he came to know well, with some of whom his relations were of lifelong friendship — even closer, probably, than with any of his classmates. Among these were, preëminently, Professor B. B. Edwards and President Leonard Woods, Jr., subsequently of the college at Brunswick. Drs. William G. Schauffler, Justin Perkins, William Adams, Nehemiah Adams, George B. Cheever, A. A. Phelps, Professor William Thompson, Dr. William M. Rogers, Dr. Edward P. Humphrey, Dr. E. F. Hatfield, Drs. Elias Riggs and S. F. Smith, were others in the classes of his time, of whom he kept always a vivid remembrance. He was president, in his senior year, of the Porter Rhetorical Society, and was regarded by all as a man of extraordinary power and promise. During one of his sicknesses, a society

of students met specially to make daily prayer for his recovery.

The Seminary was then at perhaps the highest point of brilliant success and vast usefulness which it ever has reached. The number of its students was large — forty-five graduates in our friend's class, with eleven others in it for part of the course, or fifty-six in all; and the names which I have mentioned sufficiently indicate the character and the power of those students, with the gifts which prepared them for their subsequent positions of prominent influence. Professor Stuart had been in the chair which he made illustrious for eighteen years, and was in the flush and fullness of his fame. He had published his remarkable "Letters to Dr. Channing," and his commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews; and no timid spirits were yet overshadowed by distrust of his opinions. Even the fear of the German language, which had been as keen in many quarters as was the monks' fear of Greek, in the days of Erasmus, had measurably subsided. He was the most stimulating of teachers, and Professor Park always gladly acknowledged his peculiar and manifold indebtedness to him. Dr. Woods had been here even longer than Professor Stuart, from whom he differed, in person and in mental characteristics, somewhat as a stately full-rigged ship, moving slowly over the waters, differs from the nimbler steamer, propelled from within, which now follows the other, now precedes it, saluting it with shining flags and ringing music, and on occasion sailing wholly around it. Dr. Woods was of noble presence, benignant face, courtly manner; prudentially cautious in his use of language, *constitutionally* cautious in the formation of opinion. His gravity, earnestness, considerateness of thought, gave him great weight at that time with the students, as well as with the Christian public; and the contrast between him and his

“Brother Stuart,” as he always affectionately called him, was one of the most picturesque and enlivening ever presented in any institution. But the impulsive enthusiasm of the one delightfully compensated, while it interplayed with, the sedate dignity and forethought of the other. Dr. Porter was here as President, and to teach Sacred Rhetoric — offices for which he was signally qualified. Dr. Emerson came a year after our friend had entered the Seminary, to be teacher and guide in Ecclesiastical History; and Dr. Edward Robinson was here for part of the course, as Librarian and Professor Extraordinary in Sacred Literature. Dr. Calvin E. Stowe also was here as Assistant Instructor. It was on the whole a brilliant, learned, and powerful company to which the work of discipline and instruction was then here committed.

The students themselves were all alive with interest in their studies, with strong and active religious feeling, and with an immense enthusiasm for promoting the religious life of the community. They carried on an incessant and animating correspondence with colleges and seminaries for the promotion of evangelical zeal. They were similarly in constant correspondence with Home and Foreign missionaries, of whom there were afterward, from our friend’s class alone, five on the foreign field, eleven in all from the three classes contemporaneous with him; and this at a time when three extended Christian communions were combined in the work of one Board, when its field was far narrower and its revenues far less than they have been since, or are to-day. The students labored earnestly also in Sunday-schools near them; and they had an association for promoting the best work of Sunday-schools, by examining, selecting, preparing books for their libraries, — of which our friend himself prepared two, — by proposing improved methods of operation, and by contributing quickening articles to public journals. They were

intensely interested in promoting revivals, of which great numbers were at that time reported, and which seemed to give promise of an almost immediate religious consecration of the Nation itself to the service of God; while in their enthusiasm for the best possible physical training, knowing nothing as yet of football or baseball, they started the scheme of mechanical labor, under competent supervision, in what afterward was known here as the "Stone Cabin," originally erected for this use by the students, largely through gifts of Mr. Bartlett. In this about a hundred students, our friend, among them, were wont to take their daily exercise, sawing, planing, making shelves, boxes, common furniture, sometimes boats. He once worked assiduously at something the purpose of which he did not understand, which turned out to be a coffin; the discovery of which fact, as he afterward said, "interfered with the exhilarating effect of the exercise." So intense was the religious feeling in the Seminary that when the Class of 1831 came to graduate — one of the largest and most distinguished which the institution ever has known — the anniversary exercises, though then esteemed of great importance, were entirely given up, that they might not interfere with revival-meetings simultaneously conducted by Mr. Finney, in the village church. The power of the sermons then preached by Mr. Finney, Professor Park always said, surpassed that of any which he afterward heard from him, or perhaps from any one else.

It was at the close of these brilliant, educating, stimulating years — during which he had been on the friendliest terms with all the professors and with all the foremost students — that our friend entered on the ever-expanding and diversified work of his maturer life. While still in the Seminary he had been invited and urged to take the chair of Biblical Literature in the Theological Seminary at Bangor,

as also to become pastor of the Pine Street Church, Boston, and of one of the churches in Lowell. But these proposals he had declined, having in his own mind decided on the plan of becoming pastor of a church in a country parish for some years and then taking a professorship, if the way should open, in some college or seminary. It was in pursuance of this plan that, after graduating, he went to Braintree, and preached as a candidate in the church from the active pastorate of which my father had withdrawn for five years, that he might promote, with wider efficiency, the work of home missions.

It lacks but a few months of seventy years since a little boy, sitting reading in the pleasant south parlor of the Braintree parsonage, one Saturday afternoon, about as the sun was going down, saw a young man alight from the coach which had brought him from Boston, come gravely up the gravel walk, and enter the house and then the parlor. The boy was struck with his slight, tall form, his chiseled features, fine then as if wrought in marble, his piercing eyes, and his impressive and animating voice. But he certainly did not anticipate that for so many subsequent years his life was to be more or less closely connected with the life of that young man; that, though living hundreds of miles apart, they were gladly to meet whenever occasion offered, and were not unfrequently to interchange counsels; and that the boy was to stand here to-day to speak words in affectionate witness of the *honor* for his friend, which then began and which never since has faltered or failed. The office which he performed for my father twenty-eight years since, it is mine to-day, most imperfectly, to render to him.

The congregation at Braintree was composed principally of farmers and mechanics, with their households — many of them intelligent, active-minded, keeping up well with the

news of the day, and particularly fond, I have since remembered, of religious debate. But they could hardly be expected to be sensitive to the finer theological distinctions, or to follow with close and active sympathy the larger reaches of scholarly thought. They had been accustomed to an eager, animated, energetic style of preaching, in which the truth had been presented in broad outline, with an habitual earnestness which was never extravagant, but which sometimes approached the tone of vehemence. It might easily have been expected that a young man fresh from the seminary, twenty-three years of age, accustomed all his life to scholastic surroundings, who had been in contact here with as stimulating minds as perhaps were ever assembled in New England, would find life dull in the small community, his learning out of place, his power of discerning subtle differences in apparently equivalent propositions as useless in dealing with such a congregation as the fine-edged razor in hewing tough trees. It might possibly have been so if the conditions had not been what they were; but in fact it was not so. A revival spirit was abroad in the churches; it had reached already and begun to affect the church at Braintree. It was quickened and reinforced by his fresh and earnest ministry. It continued, with widening power, for four months after his settlement, which occurred at the end of 1831; and it left permanent fruitful impressions on the life of the town. In all those months he has left it on record that he wrote but two sermons, preaching all the time, on Sundays in the church, on several evenings in each week in scattered school-houses, but preaching always without notes;—a practice his success in which ought to have commended it more fully than I fear it did, to his later judgment. When at last the rush of that supreme influence which for a time had swept him from his notes had begun to subside, he turned to the

work of writing sermons ; and some which still rank, to my mind at least, among his noblest were there produced.

Of course, as a boy of ten or eleven years, I could not be expected to appreciate those sermons or to discern at the time the secrets of their power. But two or three of them are almost as present to my thought to-day as when they were delivered. I remember, too, the rapt, hushed, universal attention with which they were received by the large congregations, gathered in part from neighboring parishes by the rumored brilliant power and manner of the new Associate Pastor. Even if no other evidence existed of their intellectual and spiritual value, the enthusiastic enjoyment of them by my thoughtful and sensitive mother, familiar with the Scriptures, devoutly aspiring, already near the heavenly levels, would be to me enough. During the two years of his ministry there, he gave a large part of his time to the careful preparation of about thirty sermons on the closing scenes in the life of Christ ; reading widely in preparation for them, meditating their themes with profoundest attention and clearest insight, and putting them into form with heroic patience and elaborate care. Some of these sermons I still remember, with two or three others on ancillary topics. The completed series of thirty sermons was in his trunk as he was crossing the Hudson River on the ice, in a public sleigh, in the winter of 1835. The ice broke, the sleigh went down, the passengers were saved, but the trunk lay at the bottom of the river. When it was recovered the manuscripts had been so saturated with water that they could not be restored, or even be read, except in two instances. Those who heard, in after years the two sermons on Simon Peter and Judas Iscariot, will know something of what a blow fell on our friend, and what a loss on sermonic literature, in the destruction of the others.

In August, 1833, after a little less than two years of service at Braintree, which years have there never been forgotten, his eyes failed, and his general health was so much impaired that he resigned his associate pastorate and accepted provisionally an urgent invitation, previously received, to become professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, with instruction in Hebrew as an annex, at Amherst College. For five months, however, he was limited by dim and painful eyes to a dark room; for some months after, he was traveling for his health; and the winter of 1834-35 he spent in New York, attending lectures at a Medical School, especially lectures on anatomy and physiology. He thought thus to widen his mind with new investigations, and to gain, perhaps, a greater fitness to give instruction in mental philosophy. He greatly enjoyed the courses which he attended, and felt through life that he had derived large benefit from them. In the spring of 1835 he entered actively on his duties at Amherst, and became at once, as to the end he continued to be, most deeply engaged and interested in them. He gave instruction not only in ethics and metaphysics, but in rhetoric also, with a special course of lectures on the Epistle to the Romans; and he preached frequently in the College chapel as well as in the neighboring churches, preaching in both with a fervor and a power which I do not believe that he ever surpassed. In the class of 1836, which was under his immediate instruction, were, among others, five men studying with expectation of the ministry, as different from each other and each in his own way as eminent and memorable as Bradford Homer, "Father Damon," as the Sandwich Islanders still affectionately call him, George Leeds, afterward of Episcopal parishes in Providence and in Baltimore, Roswell D. Hitchcock, and Stuart Robinson, of Kentucky. Among those in the same class who were afterward prominent in civil life were

Alexander H. Bullock, subsequently Governor of this State ; Judge Doolittle, of New York ; Judge Loyal C. Kellogg, of Vermont ; and Ensign Kellogg, of western Massachusetts, repeatedly, President of the Senate of this State, — one of the ablest men in the class, though perhaps not one of the most industrious. But the influence of the Professor pervaded the college, almost dominated it, in fact, such was the general enthusiasm for him and so vivid and deep was the impression of his sermons ; and among those who thus felt his arousing influence, stimulating and invigorating in the highest degree, were such men as Judge Williams, afterward so known, of Pennsylvania ; Judge March, of Indiana ; Judge Spaulding, of Northampton ; the Honorable Horace Maynard, of Tennessee ; Dr. D. W. Poor, of Philadelphia ; Honorable Edward B. Gillett, of this State ; Father and Dr. A. F. Hewit, late of the Paulist Fathers and the Roman Catholic University at Washington ; Bishop Huntington, of Central New York. Many students were then congregated at Amherst from all parts of the land, and I am sure that not one of those whom I have named ever failed, in after life, to remember the power exerted upon him in college days by the young yet already famous professor. They did not feel bound by his opinions. A good many swerved from those opinions, even violently and far. But they listened to his discourses with fascinated interest, with admiring astonishment, and with the sense of a certain surpassing and inscrutable power, never effaced. They felt the urgency of his incessant enthusiasm for study. They were eager to catch, and eager to repeat, any chance words which fell from his lips ; and it was, to those who tarried after him, a great eclipse over all the college life at Amherst, when his grand presence and subjugating yet exhilarating intellect were withdrawn from those circles.

But in 1836 he was called hither to fill the chair of the Bartlett Professorship of Sacred Rhetoric. He accepted the call, and has here resided, as you know, from that time till his death, having only been transferred from the chair which he first occupied, to that of the Abbott Professorship of Christian Theology, in 1847. The first time that I remember to have seen Dr. Woods was when he came to Amherst, in the early summer of 1836, to urge Professor Park to accept the then recent appointment here. I was boarding, at the time, in the same house with the Professor, and was casually a witness of their meeting, and a hearer even of part of their talk. Dr. Woods was as *nearly* intense as, with his calm temperament he possibly could be, in his interest in the matter. His presence seemed to be majestic and benignant, far beyond the common; and even as a boy I was impressed with a certain peculiar skill and persuasiveness in his circumspect statements, which would have fitted him, I should think, for great success in diplomatic life, if in a country then so recent and rude as ours there had been any chance for shrewd thought, attractive speech, and a certain simple and noble manner to make themselves felt in the sphere of diplomacy. He was profoundly in earnest to have Professor Park come hither; and no doubt he presented the arguments for it with as much skill as if success had been more doubtful. But he might, I suspect, have spared himself both the journey and the argument, for our friend, I am sure, was determined to come here, from the moment the opportunity was offered.

He had always loved Andover, as he continued to love it to the end. To his eyes, sunrise and sunset were nowhere else, not even at Amherst, so beautiful as here. He loved the trees, the ample street, the wide outlook, the sheen and gleam of placid waters, the spur of Monadnock in the dis-

tance. He loved the Seminary better than any other institution on earth. It had been associated with the happiest and most animating years of his young life. I am not sure but its *old* buildings of rusty brick had for him, to the end of his days, an austere charm surpassing that of the later elegance in Library and Chapel. He knew the professors and was in most cordial relations with them. The students were at a more advanced stage of developed power and of special cultivation than he had been wont to meet in college. They were looking soon to enter the ministry, and he earnestly sympathized in that aim, and felt that he could carry through them an influence into hundreds of pulpits, probably into scores of colleges and schools. It was as natural, therefore, that he should be ready to come hither as that waters should lapse from the hillside to the sea, as that trees should bourgeon and bloom in spring. So his decision was promptly made.

In September, 1836, he was married to the beloved and venerated woman from whom years since he was parted by her death, and their pleasant home, since lovely and dear to many hearts, was here established. He entered on his duties at the beginning of the Seminary year, and for sixty-four years this has been his working place.

Coming myself to the institution in 1841, and leaving it, after one year spent in other work, in 1845, I knew him only in the professorship of Rhetoric, in which he continued, as I have said, till 1847; but certainly the impressions which he there left, not on myself only, but on the many beneath his instruction, can never be obscured. His early years in the new professorship were years of peculiarly arduous labor. The department of Rhetoric had been somewhat neglected in the last years of President Porter. Dr. Skinner, who had followed Dr. Porter, had been here but two years; and with

all his engaging and fervent eloquence, and his beautiful zeal for sacred things, he was hardly the man to do systematic, protracted work, in reorganizing the department, and giving it the prominence which it rightfully claims. There were, at the same time, stronger attractions than ever before in other institutions, inviting thither the class of students who had been accustomed to gather at Andover. The Union Seminary had been established at New York, and metropolitan attractions were drawing men thither. The Lane Seminary, the Seminary at Auburn, were emphasizing their appeals to students. Dr. Taylor, at New Haven, was at the height of his splendid power, and students were feeling an enthusiasm for him, almost never surpassed. The Seminary at East Windsor, now at Hartford, had been recently established, and that at Bangor was drawing to itself many students from northern New England. It was necessary that some distinct effort should be made to restore and advance the prestige of Andover; and Professor Park, with his beloved and most intimate friend Professor B. B. Edwards, who came a year later, were the men to make this. The other professors were much older than they, and were feeling the effect of increasing years, perhaps also of prolonged service. The younger men had to face difficulties, to meet responsibilities, and to put a new impulse into seminary life. It was fortunate for the institution, as well as for themselves, that two men, respectively twenty-eight and thirty-five years of age, differing in gifts and in scholarly acquirements, and to some extent in traits of character, but with the same aims, and absolutely knowing and trusting each other, were so intimately associated here in that important and critical time. Their friendship was close and uninterrupted; their sympathy complete; and the name of one will always be associated with the name of the other, while Andover Seminary continues to be remembered.

An effort was almost immediately made to add a fourth year to the established three years of study previously provided; and though, after the first years, this had for the time to be relinquished, in consequence simply of the inadequacy of the existing teaching force, it was the pioneer movement in what has now become a customary arrangement, both here and elsewhere. Into the work of his special department Professor Park threw himself with an utter forgetfulness of ease or comfort, or of the inevitable limitations of strength. He awoke an interest never felt in it before, and certainly unsurpassed, before or since, in any institution of which I have knowledge. His lectures in my time were simply marvelous, in their exhibition of all the elements which go to constitute pulpit eloquence. He seemed to have read everything, to have remembered all that he had read, to be perfectly familiar with the greatest orators and preachers in their greatest works, and to be wholly determined to make each one of the class before him, if not as great a preacher as Chalmers, as great an orator as Webster or Choate, *as great* in that direction as his faculty would permit. He stimulated discussion in the class, on rules of eloquence, methods of preparation, the proper relation of each part of a discourse to every other, the relation of all to the consummating appeal. His criticisms of sermons presented, or of sermonic plans, were wonderfully keen, incisive, illuminating; sometimes, perhaps, rather ruthlessly sweeping, as when he suddenly closed his notebook at the end of a sermon read before him by one of my class, and said, in tones which were thoroughly indignant, "If you leave out *everything* between the text and the Amen, you will have the beginning and the end of an excellent discourse"; thereupon abruptly ending the session. But generally these criticisms, while sharply discriminating, and absolutely unswerving in faithful candor,

were invigorating also, and nobly educating. They taught men to measure their efforts by highest standards, not by sermons commonly preached to rural congregations, and not at all by what might be expected in lecture-room talks. They magnified the preparation of sermons into *one of the greatest*, as it is, of human works. They showed eloquence in the pulpit the noblest of the fine arts; nobler than painting, architecture, music; nobler than literature; nobler than forensic eloquence; — requiring a powerful enthusiasm in the soul, contemplating the exhibition of loftiest themes, directed to the securing of immortal results, requiring for success the utmost diligence in training all forces of body and of mind, of heart and spirit, discipline of style, discipline of manner and voice, large familiarity with the best authors, devout piety, human sympathy, vivid and inspiring apprehensions of Christ, intense belief. I must confess that he *asked* so much, that he seemed confidently to *expect* so much, of the common men to whom he was speaking, that I used to think he was loading us with ideals to which we could make no approach; that he might almost as well have summoned us to fly by swinging our arms. But he certainly left on us all the impression of the majesty and beauty of that high office to which we were pledged, and of the duty of doing to the utmost whatever it was in us to do to fulfill its functions. He held us relentlessly to the highest literary standards; he searched our logic, as with the sharpest anatomist's knife; but he made intense conviction and feeling the prime elements of power, the supreme conditions of all success; and I cannot be mistaken in feeling that vast influence went from his lecture-room into all the pulpits wherein his pupils were afterward placed. From the most distinguished among those pupils have come most frequently the highest testimonies to their conscious and great indebtedness to him.

Not merely by lectures and criticisms did he do his work, but also by social informal clubs, in which he gathered those most familiar with each other and with him, for study and criticism of particular authors. One evening in a week was devoted, for example, to an eminent prose writer, like Washington Irving, like Macaulay or Carlyle; one in another week to a great poet, like Milton, Dryden, Wordsworth. The poetic sympathy always active in our friend, which not unfrequently gave shape and splendor to images in his writing, found here abundant exhibition. Still another week, the evening was occupied with a great preacher, like Robert Hall, or the careful analysis of a great oration, like one or two of Webster's, I remember, one or two of Lord Brougham's; and perhaps the most enjoyable and useful of all the evenings were those given to the plays of Shakespeare — "Hamlet," for instance, "King Lear," "Richard III," "Macbeth." In these Shakespearian studies everything was noted; the general plan, and the interdependence of parts in the play; the special traits of individual character; peculiar and remarkable forms of expression, especially those which have passed into common use among men; obsolete words; even the derivation of words, from the ancient or the Romance languages, or from the early English. Nothing could exceed the enjoyment of students in those evening circles. To see the play on the theatre-boards would have been only dull in comparison; and the irradiation which they gave to the lectures following, and to the subsequent discussions and criticisms, was often like that which seems to stream from the point of light in the eye of the portrait, giving vital illumination to the canvas.

But the great work of our friend, as a teacher of Sacred Rhetoric, was done, after all, by his own sermons, preached in the Chapel or in pulpits in the neighborhood, whither the

students flocked to hear him. I have no conceivable motive for exaggerating the power of those discourses, but I can honestly say, after many years' familiarity with the work of the American pulpit, that as a preacher to students Professor Park was, at the time when I was permitted to hear him, the very greatest that New England has produced; I think, beyond doubt, the greatest that the country has known. *As a preacher to students*, I particularly say. He was attractive, impressive, justly famous wherever he preached, in Boston, New York, in Lowell, Newburyport, in the South Church here; in smaller pulpits, like Hatfield, for example, where he always pleasantly remembered that he had once received a call. Almost none, I am sure, went from any of his congregations without feeling the extraordinary power of the man, the immense impressiveness of the theme which he presented, the urgency of his pressure toward righteousness and God. But to students especially, above all to theological students, he was, and before their minds he remains, the very prince and king among preachers. His mere presence in the pulpit was majestic and fascinating, in the weird abstraction, concentration, solemnity of face, voice, mien, and manner. His reading of the Scripture was most reverent and at the same time enlightening — a commentary suggested, not unfrequently, by an intonation, an emphasis, a change of punctuation. His prayers were of one who had had commerce with the skies; not rhythmic and sonorous, as of one who had pondered deeply archaic forms and had saturated his mind with the cadence of collects, but simple in language, spiritual in feeling, bringing easily into their expansive and flexible compass all special needs of the time or congregation, manifesting a clear and sympathetic insight into the wants of souls before him; penitent, humble, loftily adoring, intense in supplication. He did not pray his sermons into his peti-

tions, as the manner of some is ; but he uniformly left those who had gone with him in his prayer on the higher levels of spiritual feeling and of fellowship with God, where the sermon which followed had naturally upon it the clearest light, the grandest power.

Those sermons were as carefully planned as were ever the bastions of any fortress. It used to be the wish of students, who had perhaps smarted under his criticism, to find in his own plans some weakness or incongruity, some want of concinnity in parts, or some failure to enforce his theme ; but they never succeeded. Each part was in its just relations. The whole was as completely organized as were the members of any sentence. The style of expression was perspicuous, energetic, with images suggested in a word sometimes, or a half sentence, fine as a cameo, vivid and lustrous as a picture ; with passages of a marvelous literary charm, which beguiled the enchanted attention.

He did not in the least believe in what is called sometimes "a milk-and-water millennium." He believed in a deep sense of sin as a condition of Christian effort and attainment ; in strong doctrines, commanding the judgment, arousing the conscience, and lifting up the heart toward God. He looked for strong emotion, powerful and effective practical purpose, a jubilant sense of victorious hope ; and any preaching not tending to this issue seemed to him the unfruitful sound of one playing on a human instrument, not of one bringing a mighty and transforming message from God.

The appeal, which to him was always the final aim of the discourse, was earnest, lofty, addressed to mind and sensibility, with the prodigious push behind it of the prolonged and masterly discourse. But then, into and through the sermon, from first to last, went the really tremendous force of his intense and determined personality. It filled, almost it

seemed to fuse at times, the rapid sentences. It shot forth single words, on occasion, like bullets from a cannon. It made particular thoughts stand forth with a weird, almost a Dantesque majesty, in mighty outlines of gloom and fire. It glorified the place and lifted the entire service to ranges of mysterious dignity. His stoutest opponents felt it at times. "He read those passages to me beforehand," said one of these on one occasion, "and there did n't seem anything objectionable in them; but somehow, when he came to deliver them afterward, he did put the most awful emphasis into them!" while others read passages which they had heard in sermons, as subsequently printed, with a certain surprise that the seraphic force and fire which had snatched their souls away from earth and borne them up to the empyrean, had partly vanished from the page. The type could not reproduce, could scarcely indicate the subtle, immense, dominating power of personal intensity which had been within and behind the spoken sentences, which had made them electric with an indescribable concussive force. So none of his published discourses, careful, thoughtful, eloquent, and finished as many of them are, can possibly give to those who read them a *fair* impression, not to say a *full* one, of those amazing, magisterial discourses to which we here listened more than fifty years ago, the rumor of the approach of which filled the old Chapel to the outmost doorways; on which we hung with an attention that could hardly have been surpassed if trumpets of angels had been sounding above us, and from which we went astonished, humiliated, with excitement in our minds and shivers along our whole system of nerves, but determined at least to do our own feeble best in that great office whose most illustrious living representative we felt ourselves to have heard and seen. It is impossible to overstate the impression which those sermons made. It

is impossible to surpass the truth in outlining the power and splendor of their influence as illustrating, emphasizing, and bringing to fruition all the work performed by the preacher in his department of Sacred Rhetoric. The general force of a really magnificent inspiration proceeding from them has not wholly failed yet in hundreds of pulpits. It has propagated itself where he who started it was himself never heard. It *will not fail in its virtue*, though it *may*, not improbably, fail to be *recognized*, while the gospel which he taught men to preach continues to be preached and received in the land.

In the spring of 1847 Professor Park was formally transferred to the Abbott Professorship of Christian Theology, and another chapter was thus opened in his relations to this Seminary, and to all the communities affected by it. I say "formally transferred," because he had already been lecturing in that department, at the request of Dr. Woods, since the beginning of the Seminary year in 1846. The vigor of Dr. Woods had perceptibly failed, after thirty-eight years of work in the Seminary, following ten years of laborious pastoral work at Newbury; and perhaps he felt himself not altogether in touch with the active minds of the young college graduates who were being drawn largely to New Haven and New York. He was therefore ready to retire from his post, but desired extremely to have for his successor a man who would be in explicit sympathy with his scheme of theological thought. He had known Professor Park for eighteen years, during two of which the latter, then a student here, had roomed in his house and had been wont to have long and frequent discussions with him. He had been associated with the younger colleague for ten years in the faculty, and had had reports made to him of the theological debates which had often occurred in the Rhetorical Room, in connection with expositions of texts, plans of sermons, the working

theology to be used in the pulpit. He knew the attitude of Dr. Park's mind toward the propositions there considered, as well as if he had been in the class-room; and sometimes the two had discussed in private, with great care, particular forms of statement preferred by the one, doubted, perhaps, or criticised, by the other. Especially Dr. Woods had been a most attentive listener to five courses of elaborate sermons prepared by Professor Park in successive years, and preached in the Chapel on Conscience, Regeneration, Natural and Moral Law, the Divine Decrees, Natural Theology; in which discourses, thirty in number, were discussed, of course, with fundamental severity, many subjects of prime importance to Dr. Woods' mind, especially those of Free Agency, the Nature of Holiness, the Nature of Sin. It was as the result of all this acquaintance with the Professor and his views, that Dr. Woods wished him to take charge of the Middle Class as their instructor in theology in the autumn of 1846; and this was equivalent to nominating him as his own successor when the final appointment should be made.

Theological discussion in the past thirty years has sought new centers, and has concerned itself so much with other themes than those of theology proper or of anthropology, that it is not easy for the younger among us to enter into or fully understand the intense interest which in the earlier half of the century was excited by discussions concerning the procedures of God in His Government, the Nature of Sin, the ground and measure of man's responsibility, the modes of harmonizing Human Freedom with God's Eternal pre-science and purpose. But it is safe to affirm that no other discussions known in the Church, since the era of Reformation, have been more eager and strenuous than were these. A great multitude of the New England ministers and churches, as of those in other parts of the land, were held to the sys-

tem majestically set forth by President Edwards, with the tremendous power of his logic, with the Scriptural authority to which he constantly appealed, with the tender pathos, the mystical sublimity, the awful solemnity with which he presented it, and through the reverence, never surpassed toward any man, in which his living memory was held. He held New England, as no man else, to heights of thought difficult to scale; to profound convictions of the evilness of sin, the corruption of man's heart, the winning yet terrible Holiness of God. His service to theological opinion, and to deep practical religious experience, was one which no generation will outlive, to the end of our history.

Some of those who followed Edwards, however, and who, though not rivaling him in original power or in his extraordinary moral command, were themselves acute and eminent thinkers, intensely reverent, spiritually minded, and widely revered, had followed his august example, in introducing modifications of his momentous and stately scheme — not to adapt it better to the sinful tastes and tendencies of men, not to lead them to more careless self-scrutiny or an easier hope, but to illustrate more fully, as they conceived, the radiant clarity of the Divine character, and to make the religion presented from the pulpit grip with a closer and firmer grasp the human conscience, while interpreting more fully the Divine declarations. Among these, preëminently, was Samuel Hopkins, of Barrington and subsequently of Newport, who had been a favorite pupil of Edwards, and had afterward sustained to him intimate relations; who had revised and edited many of his manuscripts, had become minutely conversant with his speculations, and who was at length his biographer. He was a man of absorbing and almost seraphic piety, of the most undaunted, self-forgetful philanthropy, yet of a keenly discriminating mind, acute in

speculation, the most discerning critic of opinions, while laborious in his mental habit almost beyond the example of the most famous German scholars. He regarded himself as in substance an Edwardsian, as he certainly was ; but he took the system of the Master pretty much as the Church at Newton, in which all the ancestors of Professor Park had been baptized, back to the beginning in this country, took the Savoy Confession in 1680, when it was adopted as the creed of the Church, with the careful declaration : "We do heartily close in with it, *for the substance of it.*" The emendations, or additions, proposed by Dr. Hopkins emphasized particularly, as we are aware, the nature of holiness, as consisting in disinterested benevolence, while sin was selfishness ; the distinction between natural and moral inability to good ; the accountability of men only for personal sins, though, under the Divine constitution, they had become sinners through relationship to Adam ; the impossibility of transferring to them Christ's righteousness, though they are justified through His atonement ; and the purpose of God in permitting moral evil in the universe, that it be overruled for the general good. It was added, also, by some of the devout, though not altogether approved by others, that so complete should be the submission of the heart to God that it would approve His action in casting it, though penitent and believing, forever into Hell. The system was one, I need not remind you, which afterward had great sway in New England ; and those who accepted and earnestly proclaimed it were known as Hopkinsians, though they often preferred to call themselves "consistent Calvinists."

They were men, almost always, of ingenious, vigorous, intrepid minds, dead in earnest in their convictions, accustomed to appeal to their respective congregations with a directness and power which many of the older Calvinists had not shown,

while in their own spirit submission to God was as faithfully emphasized as it was in their creed. They were intent students of the Scripture, often in the original languages, as well as in the English translation, and were familiar with modern theological discussion, though not commonly at home in the broader fields of general Church History. The Bible was that which they were set chiefly to study, ascertaining its meaning by independent inquiry, and setting this forth with logical exactness, in precise and perspicuous statement; and what others had thought about it did not to them much matter. Their confident minds yielded reverence to God and to His Word, but nobody else would they call Master. When the Reform movements began, they were the first to be interested in them. Their zeal for Missions was prompt and ardent, and their piety intense; while they had also what has always seemed to me an extravagant faith in the power of concise doctrinal propositions to conquer and to limit men's minds, as well as to warm and uplift their hearts. But for themselves such statements were final; and they had as little idea of compromising the opinions set forth in such statements as a sword-blade might have of twisting itself into a necklace. Whatever else they did or did not do, they educated the common mind of New England to processes of clear thinking, and made it singularly hardy and alert in fields of difficult and high speculation. They really aggrandized the human will by calling it to immediate submission to God alone and setting it forth if such submission were not made in a delirious duel with its Maker, whose issue must be in death eternal. The sense of the tremendous prerogative of self-determination, so imperially emphasized, has been a vast force in the subsequent history of the country, and it continues to-day unspent.

Dr. Samuel Spring, of Newburyport, who was in great

part the founder of this Seminary, bringing to it the munificent gifts of Messrs. Bartlett, Brown, and Norris, was a typical Hopkinsian, as much so as any man of the time ; and he meant this institution, so far as he might influence its history, to teach the doctrine and propagate the spirit which to him were supreme. He had first contemplated, as we know, a separate Seminary at West Newbury, with Dr. Woods, also a Hopkinsian, though more wary and judicious than some of the others in the use of disputable terms, as professor of Theology. At last, however, another movement being contemplated to found a Seminary here, with more of the tone of the older Calvinism, he consented to combine his movement with this, under the protection of the Visitation plan, and on condition that the Creed written by himself, in consultation with others, should be incorporated in the fundamental constitution of the new institution as "a clear and intelligible statement of the great doctrines of the Gospel." The Old School Presbyterians were dissatisfied with this Creed, as was emphatically shown then and afterward by Dr. Dana, of Newburyport ; but it was adopted, and Mr. Samuel Abbott, the founder of the Professorship of Theology, though himself not a Hopkinsian in the technical sense, appointed Dr. Woods as the first occupant of the chair. He continued there, as we have noticed, for thirty-eight years, and always taught, as he has told us himself, and as many of us know, the system which he had brought there, though he did it with such prudence and wise circumspection, such catholicity of phrase, and, I am sure, of cordial feeling, that no controversy was thereby excited, and his name and fame were widely extended and were almost everywhere honored.

As his time came to withdraw from service he sought a successor in opinion as well as in place, and felt that he had

found him in Professor Park; and, so far as the general theological convictions of two independent divines may be compared, especially of two men so widely diverse in idioms of speech and in mental traits, he was absolutely right. Professor Park *was* a Hopkinsian on all the points in which that system differed from that of Edwards on the one hand or of Emmons on the other; holding, in his own words, "that God never requires of men more than they have natural ability to do; that all sin consists in choice—in the act of the soul, that is, preferring the private to the general good, the world to God; that the Atonement was made for all men, and does not consist in Christ's literally bearing the punishment of the Moral Law, but in His pains substituted for that punishment; that the fall of man did not consist in men's sinning in Adam or in Adam's sin being literally imputed to them, but in the fact that Adam's sin was the occasion of their having, at birth, a natural inclination to sin, and of all the sufferings consequent upon this; that moral agents begin to sin as soon as they begin to act morally; and that the evils which they suffer are the manifestation of God's hatred of sin." In other words, obligation is measured by natural ability; the difference between certainty and necessity is radical; sin and holiness are of an active and voluntary nature; moral character and desert are not transferable; the Atonement is sufficient for all men; and regeneration is that change in the sensibilities and spiritual preferences through which right comes to be chosen rather than wrong, God instead of the World. These doctrines Professor Park believed to be those held and taught by the careful founders of this Seminary, except for which it could not have existed; and to be those specially constituting what then was known and has since been known as "New England Theology." For himself, he held them without dissent, without

demur, and with all the force of his vigorous spirit and disciplined mind.

His adherence to them did not exclude sympathy toward men to whom they were not so true or not so important, as to him they appeared. His friendship for Henry B. Smith was admiring and affectionate, though the latter may almost be said to have been more nearly a Christian Platonist than a Hopkinsian. His friendship for President Woods, Jr., which had begun in the Seminary, was maintained through life; and on the whole the amplest, richest, most tender and beautiful memorial address ever prepared by him was for Dr. Woods' funeral. Yet President Woods came nearer to accepting the Anglo-Catholic theology than any other known in his time, being profoundly impressed with the mediæval spirit, and looking askance upon the Reformation. But while his friendship was warm toward some not holding his special opinions, Professor Park, for himself, was distinctly a Hopkinsian. One might say he was born such. It was bred in the bone with him, and mingled vitally with the currents of his blood.

In the summer of 1842 his eyes had become so seriously affected that he went to Germany on a long leave of absence. He was gone eighteen months, until November of 1843. For weeks he walked along the banks of the Rhine, amid the loveliest scenery of Europe, under the shadow of feudal ruins, in an atmosphere charged in all its depths with the many-hued tints of legend and romance. For six months he was at Berlin, for two months at Halle; and at both he attended the university lectures. He became even intimate with Tholuck and Hengstenberg, with Paulus and other attractive men. He studied Hegel's "Logic," discussed questions of doctrine with all sorts of thinkers, orthodox, rationalist, positively skeptical. He spent his second summer

in Switzerland, amid its marvelous beauties and sublimities ; and he came back to this country restored in strength, refreshed and doubtless expanded in mind, but as strenuous a Hopkinsian as when he had left. No discipline, of any sort, could get out of him the doctrine which he had early received, had devoutly pondered, had faithfully maintained. If he had been passed through all mills of the universe and ground into particles finer than the dust of diamonds, every particle would still have shown, to the end, the tone and tendency of what to him was "consistent Calvinism."

It is not wonderful, then, that Dr. Woods should have wished to have him for his successor ; yet neither is it wonderful that, when the older and more cautious man saw some of the propositions advanced by his successor, he should have thought them not altogether as shrewdly wise as he himself would have suggested. Dr. Woods was a man to whom shadings of phrase were materially important ; who carefully looked before and after in nearly every sentence which he wrote ; who balanced things with diligent foresight ; who was as particular about the emphasis to be placed on pivotal words as he was about the construction of a lecture. Professor Park was not unlike him in this, but his emphasis did not always hit the same words, and his shadings of phrase were intended to make the meaning clearer, not to temper its sharpness. So there were between them diversities of operation, though in general the same spirit. There came, as we know, an exciting controversy over a famous Convention Sermon preached by Professor Park in 1850 ; a controversy initiated in the *Biblical Repertory* by Dr. Charles Hodge, a noble and venerable man whom I came afterward greatly to love, but who then seemed to me, as to many others, a mere theological martinet. By this controversy many were agitated, some were alarmed ; and in it our friend, with acute-

ness, vigor, learning, and boldness, took a conspicuous and memorable part. The Sermon passed through three editions here and was afterward republished in England. One of Dr. Woods' characteristic comments upon the whole matter was that "if he could have seen Brother Park ten minutes before the sermon was preached, he could have suggested a few words which would have saved the whole controversy." This was very likely true; but the younger man who was now carrying on the theological work here was never particularly fearful of controversy, and it is not wholly certain, I fancy, that if the changes of expression had been suggested, he would have used them. He knew the meaning of words as well as most men, and to say that a spade was a spade was more natural to him than to call it a useful agricultural instrument for turning the sod.

The controversy went its way, and after it there was, I think, no special attack on the new Professor, to the end of his work, — none, at least, which claimed general attention. That work, meantime, had been most faithfully and zealously done. After assuming the chair of Theology as its temporary occupant in 1846, he had carried on also the Rhetorical department till March — indeed till July, — of 1847. His labors were accordingly multifarious, — six lectures a week on Theology to the middle class, a fresh lecture prepared for every day; four lectures a week to the senior class, on Sermon preparation. To these were added evening classes for theological discussion, with the meeting of all objections or questions proposed in the class-room, for which larger opportunity was given than had before been offered, and which came to be more exciting and exhausting to both the Professor and his pupils than any of the lectures. Such an incessant stimulation of the brain, with an equally incessant exercise of the voice on propositions not always the easiest

to formulate and illustrate, brought on laryngitis in the summer of 1847, after which his labors were lessened, till in the following year Professor Phelps accepted and occupied his former chair.

Personally, as I have said, I had no experience of these theological lectures, since before they began my home had come to be at a distance. Nor can one say, in the absence of authorized published reports, how far the lecturer may have advanced upon the labors of others; what amended statements he may have suggested; what fresh arguments, or arrangements of argument, he may have presented, or what more exact and satisfying conclusions. His acuteness and learning, with the activity of his mind, and his prodigal industry, must have gone far in these directions, as will doubtless appear when the works are before us into which largely his intellectual life has passed. But certainly the fame of the lectures, when delivered, went every-whither, as the *vast enthusiasm* excited by his work in the department of Homiletics was continued, if not surpassed, in the department of Theology. The lecture, with questions and answers, often occupied from an hour and a half to two hours. Sometimes the questions were so many, the answers so incisive, energetic, rapid, far-reaching, leading to prolonged discussion, that no room whatever was left for the lecture. The examinations at the end of the terms brought ministers hither from near and far. Each of these examinations occupied an entire day, eight hours being assigned to it; and the students and their clerical examiners came not unfrequently to as animated discussions as any that had been waged in the class-room. No political debates, no discussions of questions of social reform, have stirred an interest livelier or an inquiry sharper than did the discussion of questions here at that time in the Seminary, on subjects which man may not

wholly master till he goes up higher, but which always will search his mind and conscience with profoundest appeal; and the echo of such lectures and discussions went continuously, for thirty-five years, into the pulpits of New England and the West, into the religious life of the land. The Theological chair in any Seminary has vast responsibilities. An angel might ask for special illumination before he undertook them. It may certainly be said of the friend now gone that he saw and felt them to the full, and did the utmost that in him lay to meet and fulfill them. He desired and sought, with all his soul, so to present the truth of God as to touch with it the forces which afterward were to touch great multitudes of minds, in this country, and beyond the breadth of the seas.

In 1881 Professor Park resigned his chair and ceased to be actively connected with the institution, to which for fifty-three years his relations had been intimate. His home remained here; his presence was often seen, on the street or in the Chapel; what work he had remaining in hand was here taken up; and here at last his body will be laid, near the graves of those with whom he had been so long associated, beneath the storms which he did not fear, under sunset-lights in which he rejoiced. To the cursory sketch of him which I have presented there is little, perhaps, for me to add on this occasion, unless a few sentences may be permitted, indicating the general character of the man, with the tone of his mind, and the impression which he has left on those in spirit nearest to him.

He was always a prodigious worker, though never with any large margin of strength beyond what he needed for daily use. Beside his lectures, discussions, criticisms, sermons—enough to occupy all the time of the most robust man—he wrote many noble Memorial discourses, with the “Life of Bradford Homer,” the “Life of Professor Ed-

wards," and elaborate memoirs of Hopkins and Emmons ; he translated from the German ; prepared many discourses and essays for the press ; studied hymns as if he had nothing else to do ; and was for forty years either sole editor or the chief associate editor of the great *Review* which has done so much for the scholarship of the country, and for its widened literary fame. All his faculties were bent upon work ; all rules of his life were subordinated to it ; and the mere *mass* of what he accomplished, without reference to its remarkable *quality*, is enough to humble, if not to frighten, those who follow him.

Many differing, it might almost seem opposed, characteristics of mind and spirit appeared combined in him. Men thought of him as intensely absorbed in his own speculations, a predetermined champion for them, an expert and trained gladiator in fields of controversy ; and he was. His mind was critical, speculative, rather than specially sympathetic, and was never careless or indolent in the scrutiny of statements or in observation of trends of thought. He held his opinions with no flabby, molluscous grasp, but with a grip as definite and positive as that of the soldier grasping the sword-hilt ; or that of the sailor holding the helm. But he was attentive to all speculations, wide-sighted, discerning, as well as definite in conviction ; and while he judged others' opinions largely by comparison with those which he held, he did not stick at the letter of statements, but mastered their secret and foresaw their tendencies, — a fact which gave to many of his forecasts an almost prophetic clearness and certainty. He seemed to many a mere stern advocate of opinions not now in vogue, as formerly they were : opinions adapted to magnify God and humble man, and so not attractive in a time which echoes with man's achievements, and is widely disposed to recognize God only as "the sum of

natural forces." But perhaps to no man of our time has the best poetry of our land, or of others, been more familiar than to him; and while his ordinary style was marked chiefly by an exemplary sinewy vigor, passages of charming literary beauty appear more frequently in his writings than in those of any New England preacher since the day of Dr. Channing.

He was sometimes esteemed a man of merely sarcastic severity in the use of the wit which had come to him as a birthright; and often this *was* keen as a stiletto, or stunning in its stroke as the blow of a hammer. But there was also a humor in his speech, at which men laughed as at sayings of Charles Lamb. He once asked me to walk with him after lecture. It was a cold day. I was somewhat afraid of the stately stride, which was full of dignity, but hardly rapid enough for my younger limbs; and I was reluctant to be prodded with questions, on free agency, or the nature of sin, or on sermon plans, to which I must respond in an Andover atmosphere approximating zero. So I declined, saying that I had had exercise enough for the day. "Why, what have you done?" was the instant question. "I have been down to the village and back." "Down to the village and back! Well, I shall soon hear of you as having taken to winding up your watch for sake of the exercise!"

When some one asked him why he had declined a proposal to give him a free passage to Europe in a sailing vessel, his reply was, "Oh, but you know it never would have answered! How it would have looked, going down into history: 'Professor Fisher, of New Haven, lost in the *Albion*; Dr. Cookman, of New York, in the steamship *President*; Professor Park, of Andover, lost in the brig *Nancy Stevens*!' I could n't take the risk." His playfulness was as marked, though not always as memorable, as were the shining shafts of his wit. Fanciful whimsicalities abounded in his speech; and

after once traveling with him alone for three weeks in a private carriage through this State, parts of New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, and homeward, I remember that the sparkle and freshness of his speech had suffered no diminution from the outset to the end. The happy talk had rippled on, with apt anecdote and the brightest suggestion, unailing as a mountain brook. A more charming companion one could not have found for the tour of the world.

While men were thinking of him as stiff in prejudice, dialectical in habit, fiercely aggressive against doubtful opinions, his whole mind opened out to the majesties or the charms of nature; in Switzerland, not only, among our White Mountains, in the lovely Conway meadows, or along the verdant Connecticut banks; and his heart was warm with tender affection toward those whom he loved.

Professor Park being promised in childhood something which he very much desired as a prize for learning and repeating Cowper's "Lines to his Mother's Picture," he learned them, but was so overcome with feeling and tears in trying to repeat them, that at last he was commanded to desist from the effort, and to take the prize without continuing the struggle.

Some of his childish pranks, he used to rehearse to his grandchildren three quarters of a century after, to their vast astonishment.

His relations with his grandchildren were wonderfully sweet and tender, and the grave professor and great theologian would sit on the floor to make up a doll's bed for one, and go with another to see a ball game, which privately he regarded with unmixed detestation.

Even the children of his friends were almost as dear to him as his own. Toward Bradford Homer, toward Bela B. Edwards, his affection was as ardent as that of a woman;

and these were but two eminent examples among not a few. As one who differed from him sharply, on more than one question of importance to us both, and who was stubborn against his argument and strenuously set against his remonstrance, I can bear an unimpeachable witness to the sincerity and the generous sweetness of his continuing personal friendship.

As a Christian disciple he was faithful, intelligent, submissive, reverential; never, I think, over-hopeful for himself nor over-confident in his spiritual attainment, but always satisfied that duty was beauty, that the world was a field for Christian work, and that God would do right. There is a superficial religiosity, of sparkling feeling and self-confident hope, without understanding of one's self or of God; showy and transient, lacking the fervor of Divine inspirations, and as quickly quenched as a fire of thorns. No one of us approves that; he, almost less than any other. On the other hand, there is a type of piety, conspicuous in history, and sometimes memorably shown in our time — emotional, mystical, involving primarily the affectionate sensibilities, profound in self-abasement, yet rapturous also in adoration, suffused with joy, exulting in immediate communion with God, — which the Hopkinsian scheme does not appear naturally to foster, though in Hopkins himself it was not wanting. Manifestly the stress and insistence of his doctrines are on submission, because it is right; on the importance of definite and intelligent apprehensions of truth; on hope, because the Atonement is adequate; on making right choices, and leaving always the issues with God. The light of the piety thus nurtured is perhaps a rather dry light, not roseate and purple with heavenly hues. The experience itself is not altogether mellow and melodious. It does not take to sumptuous forms. It has more of moral energy in it than of that aspiring spir-

itual consciousness on which supernal sunbeams play. Its earnest of paradise is the purpose to serve God, the affirmation of truth, the restraint of life to spiritual ends, the persistent and careful discipline of character, rather than any transports of feeling or fore-gleams of celestial vision. The character of our friend's piety was modified by and appropriate to his system of doctrine; and if it had limitations — as whose has not? — it was intelligent, serious, manly and steadfast, always sincere. He was essentially an unworldly man, habitually communing with greatest themes; always scrupulous, and sometimes ascetic, in personal habit; with an absolute concentration of mind on his great office for God in the world. And no man who knew him can ever doubt that his intense and reverent spirit has reached at last its desired consummation, in the open vision, the heavenly fellowships, the immortal and exuberant fullness of felicity and of praise!

To his children and his children's children he has left a noble moral inheritance; to all who honor him, a great remembrance and greater hope. How large an influence he has exerted on the communities which he has touched, I need not remind you; nor how commanding a figure is withdrawn, by the coming of his death, from earthly circles. It is literally true of him, as of that Word which he loved to explore and loved to preach, that "his lines have gone out into all the earth, and his words to the end of the world." Not only in this neighborhood, or in this State, will he be missed. To many of us, living afar, this section of country will seem less attractive and homelike than it was; a fresh sense will have come to us of an increased loneliness in the world. It will be felt on distant prairies, beyond the mountains, where those who remember him, and who by him have been stimulated and trained, are at the work for which in large meas-

ure he prepared them. It will be felt in foreign lands. No throb of cannon announces his death, as it does the death of the great soldier or statesman ; no measured beat of muffled drums ; no wail of music, rending the air with its shattering strains. But a thrill will be felt, as the tidings go abroad, beneath the shadows of Ararat and of Lebanon, on Turkish plains, and under the sheen of Indian skies, in China and Africa, in the Islands of the Morning, in Pacific archipelagoes. Before many he will rise, superb, dominating, with majesty in his presence, wonder in his voice, as he was here in the day of his strength. They will think of him in his splendid maturity, even while we are laying him in the dust. It will be a day of hopeless decay and numbness in life, when the departure of such a man, powerful, honored, highly placed, and consecrated to God, is not felt, deeply and far.

But though graves are here opened, the eternal stars shine on serene ; and in some place of those "many mansions" of which the Master so simply and sublimely spoke, he has henceforth his beautiful home, more and more to become endeared to him as the immortal cycles pass. He is with those with whom he here labored ; with those on whom his influence was poured ; with those to whom his affectionate pen gave freshened power and added fame ; with Edwards and Phelps, with Stuart and Woods, with Robinson and Henry Smith, with the great company whom he made more faithful and successful in their work for Christ. *Our* words are nothing to him *now*, who hears on high the heavenly voices. Our clearest light is dim and cloudy beside his instant celestial vision. Our saddened hearts are in infinite contrast with his exultant and praising spirit, as he hears the Master say, "Well done ! Enter, henceforth, the joy of thy Lord." But while we live, we shall not forget him ; and

when we die, it will be with an added hope in the expectation of seeing his face, shining and welcoming, as the celestial gates unfold!

So unto *him* we say Farewell! and unto *God*, for past and future, be now and ever all the praise. Amen.

OUR GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

Our God, our help in ages past ;
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her fame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
“ Return, ye sons of men ” ;
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home !

Amen.

PRAYER.

REV. JOHN M. GREENE, D.D.

O God, thou art the source of all our blessings. Every good and perfect gift cometh from thy hand. Thou gavest to the ancient church prophets and apostles, who were teachers and preachers to help thy people in sacred things. Thou hast given to the church of this age holy men, men of abounding gifts and graces, who have proclaimed thy truth and honored thy name in the world. We stand to-day by the bier of one whom thou hast most signally honored. A prince and a great master in our Israel has fallen, and we are bereft of his wise counsels and inspiring presence. But we mourn not as those who have no hope. Jesus our Lord and Saviour said: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die."

With these words of the Son of God before us, we feel assured that our beloved father and friend, whom thou hast removed from us, is not dead. He believed in Jesus, and having left this "earthly house" he lives to-day more truly and regally than ever before. The thinking, loving, reasoning spirit—the personal self—is not contained in this casket; but he has gone "to be with Christ," in the mansion which the risen Lord has prepared for him; gone to be "forever with the Lord," in glory and honor which shall never fade away. He is now partaker of joy unspeakable, and wears the crown of righteousness, which the Lord has given

him. We thank thee that Christ conquered death, and shed a flood of light upon life and immortality. Our dear father and teacher has exchanged the weariness and hardships of this frail body, and of this perishing earth, for the enduring strength, and power, and rest, and glory of the world where "the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick," where there shall be no tears, no pain, no night, no death, no sin forevermore. O what joys are the eternal possession of the blessed dead! What saintly fellowship they have! What visions of God, and of the Lamb slain to redeem us are theirs! What treasures of knowledge they have, knowing even as they are known! We would not recall our beloved to the burdens and trials of earth, but would rather plead for grace and spiritual strength, that we too may be fitted, in God's own time, to enter into rest, and be sharers of the like blessed things. We thank thee, O God, for what thou didst enable thy servant, whom thou hast taken from us, to do for the schools and colleges and seminaries in our land. Thou didst make him to be a wise promoter of sound learning and thorough education everywhere. His name has been the synonym of scholarship and wisdom. And we thank thee that, with boundless patience and kindness, he has helped so many into a larger intellectual and spiritual life, and into a deeper knowledge of God and of truth. We thank thee for his loyalty to the Word of God, his devotion to the Church, the entire consecration of himself and all he had to his divine Lord and Master. We thank thee that so many hundreds of young men have been taught and inspired by him to go forth from this seminary to be faithful ministers of Jesus Christ; and that wherever they have gone, in this or in heathen lands, the churches have prospered, souls have been gathered and saved, and even the desert places have rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. We give all the honor and glory

of this to thee, O God. We thank thee, also, for his great kindness, gentleness, tenderness, and love. Those of us who knew him understand well to-day how great is our loss ; but we thank thee that to him death is infinite gain.

Come, we beseech thee, O God, to these dear children and grandchildren, and to this whole circle of relatives and friends, and comfort them with the consolations of thy grace. May they be enabled to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord." How good thou hast been in sparing thy servant to us so long ! Now like a shock of corn fully ripe he has gone to the heavenly garner ; and may we, encouraged by what he was and did, press on toward the goal unto the prize of our high calling, so that we may hear, as he has heard, the Master's approving words : "Well done, thou good and faithful servant ; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." And we will ascribe the praise and the glory unto the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit forever. Amen.

